

## Cash Johnny

### "Sunday Morning"

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[DTTX]

I woke up yawnin'  
And it's another Sunday mornin'  
Mom's cooking on the stove  
And you know where I'm goin' back to the park  
Know we gonna stay till it get dark  
Homey's cruisin they rides because they rides is sharp  
Hittin' switches, lookin at all the fly shi...  
Drinkin what we drinkin and you know it ain't apple juice  
Remember those days when we used to kick it  
From cruisin on with you late late when we kick it  
Paint the flex, and never wanna go home  
Even when the streets lights came on  
We still rode till dawn  
Three wheel motion, slidin' and coastin'  
Smell the Bar-Be-Que kids running around just acting  
like fools  
It's all good cause it's easy like a Sunday  
Sunshine at sunrise, rollin' down a oneway all day  
And you know it's how we liven it up  
And everybody got love and they given it up come on

[Chorus: Bizz]

Let's take it easy  
Easy, easy, easy  
Like they do every Sunday morning  
Easy, easy, easy  
2x

[Point Blank]

Everybody just chill, carne asada on the grill  
Pop the top on the Cuervo, me and the homey's keep it  
real  
Early Sunday morning waitin for these ladies to come  
No guns, nothin' but fun, one love underneath the Sun  
See it's not where you from but how you kick it  
Remember back in da days

[DTTX]

On a Sunday Afternoon  
Me and the crew, just jammin' the oldie tune

The weather was cool and the sky was blue

[Point Blank]

Daily spinning, hit the fire, chasing pretty woman  
Stack loot, and tryna live life flush like crushed lemon  
From the beginning to the end this Mexican always puts  
it down

Point Blank with the Lighter Shade Of Brown  
Low rides squeak the ground with this pound  
With familia all around is how we all get down  
No scrappin' you know it happenin'  
Keep the heat burning, rainy or stormy  
And keep it easy like Sunday Morning

[Chorus]

[Bandit]

I remember those Sunday Morning, shine up the ride  
Puff the good feel cause we chill all night  
Hit the streets from (?) to Manobello  
Bumpin them oldies and everybody's mellow  
Roll down the window, feel the cool air breeze  
Invision all the homey's around making g's  
Let's kick on that Sunday cause tomorrow's Monday  
L.A. liven homey cause it's the realest homey  
From glocks to blocks all the streets be hot  
Tricks jock chrome spinnin' if your car is hot  
Bumping down, side to side pancaken the street  
System bangin' down the Paramount with cops by me  
Phat Bandit with the homey D double T  
On a Sunday marinate and rollin through streets  
No tickets played it cool, just got a warning  
Cause everybody's laid back on a Sunday Morning

[Chorus]

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